

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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NICHOLAS B. KLAINE, - EDITOR.

A Plucky Elopement.

The Elizabeth (N. C.) neighborhood is in a state of great social excitement over the recent sensational elopement and marriage of a gushing young couple. Jonathan Ivy has for some time been courting the handsome daughter of a respected and well-to-do citizen. The young girl's name was Florence Seymour. Her parents did not approve of young Ivy's advances, and finally forbade him their house. The lovers, however, managed to meet clandestinely, and had made up their minds to an elopement, which was to have occurred one night. Old man Seymour, by some means or other, got wind of the proposed escapade, and went gunning that day for Jonathan. Coming up with the gay young lover, he blazed away at him, shooting him in the left shoulder, and inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. Florence was overwhelmed with grief by her father's hasty conduct, but her passion for her wounded lover was intensified a thousandfold. She sent him a letter telling him she would fly with him that night if he would come for her. So that night young Ivy put in an appearance, with a close carriage, about one o'clock. Miss Florence was in a terrible dilemma, for her cruel parents, to insure against any escapade, had not only locked the girl into her room, but had also taken away every stitch of her clothing. But she was not to be baffled. She made a rope out of the sheets of her bed and let herself down to the ground, with no other garment but a night-dress covering her blooming charms. She told the coachman to "look the other way," and, after her lover had helped her into the carriage and covered up her shivering form with the carriage robes, she made him sit on the box with the coachman. They drove to the house of a friend, where Florence was attired in proper garments, and then proceeded to the house of a sympathizing preacher, some distance from town, where the lovers were speedily united in wedlock.

Dime Novel Heroes.

Four small boys started last week for Texas to hunt buffaloes and fight Indians, and had quite a spirited journey until they reached Pier Twenty, East River, when sundry policemen took pity on the hunted red man, also the nation's few remaining buffaloes, and so changed the party's plans that Texas is not likely to be as rich in valor as it might have been. Other venturesome souls, equally youthful, have started West on similar errands; indeed, they have been so numerous that their fancies and experiences no longer raise a laugh; on the contrary, they arouse sentiments that are any thing but facetious. Nine-tenths of our American boys are allowed to select their own reading matter, and they may be depended upon to buy whatever, within their means, is most exciting. Generally they find it in serial publications, the contributors to which seem to imagine that nothing short of the sight of gore—that of an Indian preferred—can fully satisfy juvenile longings, so scores of stories are published which no parent, no matter how much he admires bravery, would allow his boys to read did he know what they were. Boys demand spirited stories, and should have them; but are none of the writers alluded to able to bid adieu to the Indian for a little while and "work up" some of the actual adventure of every day life in respectable neighborhoods and among people who are not wholly vulgar and unprincipled? Stories just as exciting and strong may be made from such material, and boyish longings for heroic lives may thus be fostered without recourse to dishonesty or brutality—without destroying promising young lives and breaking mothers' hearts.—N. Y. Herald.

A fireman on a Minnesota railroad climbed out on the pilot at the risk of his life, and rescued a man who was lying on the track—a man of straw, which mischievous boys had placed there.

The Worst Old Pelicans in the Deck.

One of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanimity with which people shake their relatives. Recently a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of our leading citizens from the citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter, he remarked:

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see any body who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?"

"Splendid. I spent six weeks there last fall, and I don't really think I ever met such a fine family of genial, hospitable and cultivated people."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed—I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are, indeed, the—"

"Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them. I lived there a year, and I think they are about the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spend a month with the crowd for the whole town of Cleveland."

"Indeed," said the other. "Well, since you've been so candid about it, I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole family are the toughest collection of old fossils I have ever had the misfortune to be steered against."

"Put it there, young man—you show good sense. Let's go out and take something."

In a few minutes more the two men were pledging perdition to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.—Leadville Democrat.

An Inventive Priest.

Father Hartnedy, of Steubenville, O., is a mechanical genius. He brought the old St. Peter's clock from the tower, where it lay corroding for years, to the floor below, and put it in running order, and it now keeps good time. After he got the old clock to running he went to work and contrived a universal clock, which runs by means of the same machinery. The dial is in the school-room, two floors below the machinery, and shows the time at points all around the earth. This clock, which he calls the universal clock, is run by means of ropes and wheels, requiring considerable mathematical calculation, and Rev. Mr. Hartnedy should be proud of his success. The hours are marked on a dial, and the longitude lines are marked on a revolving disk which revolves with the earth, showing the exact time at every point marked on the disk. We understand that this is the only clock of the kind ever made. Rev. Mr. Hartnedy intends adding the months and dates to the disk as soon as he gets the time.—Steubenville Gazette.

The editor of a New York agricultural paper lately received a letter from a Wisconsin man, saying: "I have a mule which became lame in one hind leg some three weeks ago. It seems to pain him very much. What is the matter and remedy?" The New York Times says that the editor has diabolically replied as follows: "To find the seat of the trouble, sponge the leg with cold water, apply cold water frequently, and keep wet bandages around the joint. Rest," adds the wicked editor, with cold and brutal sarcasm, "will be necessary." To which the Times adds: "There is not the slightest doubt that if Mr. Brown undertakes to sponge his mule's leg with cold water, and to keep wet bandages around the joint, he will find rest necessary and inevitable."

Edward Green, who died at Gallatin, Tenn., last week, claimed to be one hundred and six years old. The surviving members of the family believe him to have been one hundred and twelve or one hundred and fourteen years of age. He was a native of North Carolina, and came to Tennessee when a young man, stopping at Nashville, which was then a military post. He assisted in building one of the first houses erected in Nashville. Only last year he was able to work in his garden.

"Where is your mother?" said a worthy man to a little street miserable. She answered, diffidently, "She is dead."

"Have you no father?" "Yes, sir; but he is sick."

"What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir."

"Indeed?" "Yes, sir."

"Why don't he cut it off, then?" "Please, sir, he hasn't got any money to buy a knife."

A Substitute for Potatoes.

When the potato rot of 1845 threatened the extermination of the potato, a general search was made for some edible tuber or root that would serve as a substitute, and among those proposed was the Chinese yam, which had long been cultivated in China and Japan. It forms a long, club-shaped root, two feet or more long, and largest at the lower end. The vines run from ten to twenty feet in length, and have rich, dark-green, heart-shaped leaves, in the axils of which are produced bulbets smaller than an ordinary pea, from which, or from cuttings of the upper portion of the root, the plant is propagated. The root is remarkably white within, rather mucilaginous, and when cooked is much esteemed by many, but, lacking the dry, starchy character of the potato, not likely to be generally popular. It is boiled, roasted, or fried. The great obstacle to its general cultivation is the difficulty of taking the crop, the depths to which the roots go perpendicularly downward making the digging of them very expensive. Their shape, being largest below, renders it impossible to pull them, and their extreme brittleness makes it exceedingly difficult to extract them without breaking. The plant is perfectly hardy, and the roots remain in the ground during the severest winters without injury. Its cultivation is now confined to amateurs who are willing to be at the trouble of digging the roots, and it is sometimes grown as an ornamental vine.

An English journal reports that a man who cut his finger while opening a can of preserved meat was so poisoned that he died within twenty days. Query: Was the meat so very bad or was the man's blood in condition to be inflamed on slight provocation. The paper from which we take this item speaks of it as a "poisoning from decayed meat," but how can we be sure of that when a cut inoculated with blood from perfectly fresh meat has often produced just as serious result?—Dr. Foot's Health Monthly for May.

A large manufacturer saw a workman who asked him for employment, saying pitifully, "Monsieur, I have fourteen children." The manufacturer, who is a political economist, shrugged his shoulders and answered: "In your situation it is absurd to have so many." This remark was heard by the manufacturer's son, a boy of eight years. Several days later he was walking with his father, when a poor little girl begged charity of them, saying: "I have eleven little brothers and sisters." The boy gave her a sou, but moved by ideas of political economy, said: "In your situation how dare you have so many as that?"—French.

A fellow stopped at a hotel in Leadville, and the landlord charged him \$7 a day for five days. "Didn't you make a mistake?" "No," said the landlord. "Yes, you did; you thought you got all the money I had, but you are mistaken. I have a whole purseful in another pocket."

Women as Lawyers.

THOUGH Mr. Fogg has long questioned woman's fitness to practice law, and her opinions concerning legal matters, no one has ever questioned her opinion concerning Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women freely affirm that the Prescription is a positive cure for those "dragging down" sensations, and the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. The Favorite Prescription is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 11th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—
Your Sir—I was treated by four different physicians without avail for disease of the liver and uterus. Some time ago I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription and Discovery, being at the time confined part of the time to my bed. At first my improvement was slow, but I now find myself well after the use of four bottles of each of the medicines. With many, many thanks, I am, very respectfully,

MARY E. GRACE.

NERVOUSNESS, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is a frequent accompaniment. The first thing to be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking VEGETINE. It is a nerve medicine, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take a dose of Piso's Cure for Consumption. So say all who have tried it.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

LIGHT COLORED or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Fraser.

Great News.

It is great news indeed that there is at last a remedy (Warner's Safe Nervine) which will relieve all kinds of pain and give rest and sleep without injury to the system. The discoverer of this remedy is considered the most skillful nerve doctor in the world.

Get C. Gilbert's Linen Starch and try it.

All grocers sell National Yeast. Try it.

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Purifies the Blood; Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

Reader, Have You Got Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Cancer?

You Can Positively be Cured.

Thousands of Testimonials Prove It.

Vegetine Cures When Physicians Fail.

GRAN ORCHARD, Lincoln Co., Ky., May 6, 1878.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—I consider it a duty that I owe you and the public to let you know what your medicine, VEGETINE, has done for my daughter. About four years ago she was so afflicted with Scrofula as to be confined to one side of the bed. After trying several of the best physicians at home and at Louisville without relief, she was induced to try VEGETINE. After taking 20 bottles I consider her perfectly cured. She has now a beautiful, clear complexion, without blotch or blemish, and I have no hesitation in attributing her cure to your valuable medicine, and in recommending it to the use of the afflicted. There are many of the inhabitants of this country who can and will testify to the above.
Yours,
MISS S. E. BROOKS.
I can testify to the above.

J. E. CALSON,
Firm of Carson Bros., Druggists,
W. F. KENNEDY,
Proprietor Crab Orchard Hotel.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Jan. 8, 1880.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—We take great pleasure in adding to your numerous testimonials in regard to VEGETINE. We sold a great deal of it, and it invariably gives satisfaction. Several remarkable cures by its use have come under our notice, and we think it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to testify to its value.
We remain yours truly,
DR. LEBLANC & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists.

MONTREAL, Jan. 7, 1880.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—Having recommended and sold your VEGETINE in a great many cases, indeed, for our own cases, under our special notice, one which three bottles completely cured a friend of mine whose case had resisted all other medicines previously tried.
Yours,
P. O. GILROCK, Druggist,
441 St. Joseph St.

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\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costs nothing free. Add's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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